

## THE FISHER.

Abandoning all transitory things:  
Here vow'd to spend the sequele of my life,  
Subduing Fortune now vnto my yoke:  
And brideling her who once made me a slaue.  
Now what became of *Flora* and her Sire,  
How this vnconstant goddesse dealt with them,  
I doe not know, one while I thinke they liue:  
Me thought I saw them sayling on a bulke,  
on shatred boord, a quite contrarie way:  
Sometime I thinke the wast and surging waues  
Them ouerwhelmd before they gate to shore:  
But if my *Flora* sweet be yet aliue,  
If she be not among the carefull Ghostes,  
And if I might but see againe her face,  
Oh then how would these snow-resembling haire  
Which not old age but grieve hath made looke white,  
Change collour, and take a more youthfull hue:  
How would this face, this ashie-colloured face,  
Whose youthful blood lamenting grieve hath suckt,  
Looke red againe; how would these crasie lims  
Waxe yoong againe, euen as an Eagle doth.  
Now hast thou heard at large the whole discourse,  
Of mine euents and causes of this life:  
See how the seas be qualifie I, see  
How calme the aire, how faire the weather is:  
Take boate, be gone, least either glowring night,  
Or sudden tempest put you into fright.  
I tooke my leaue, thankt him, thrust off my barke,  
And in good time to wished shore I got.

FINIS.



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FINIS.



FLORA'S FORTVNE

# The second part and finishing of the Fisher- mans Tale.

Containing,

The strang<sup>r</sup> accidentes which chaunced to  
Flora, and her supposed father Thirsis: also  
the happie meeting with her desi-  
red Cassander.

*Quasi graue Sabe iugum patitur ceruice magistri  
Hoc graue lene iugum mitis Apollo facit.*

By F. S.



Imprinted at London by Richard Ihones, at the signe  
of the Rose and Crowne, neere to S. Andrewes  
Church in Holborne,

1595.



FLORAS FORTUNE

# The Second Part and

## Finishing of the Fisher-

### mans Tale.

For the second part of the story of the

fisher-mans tale, and the

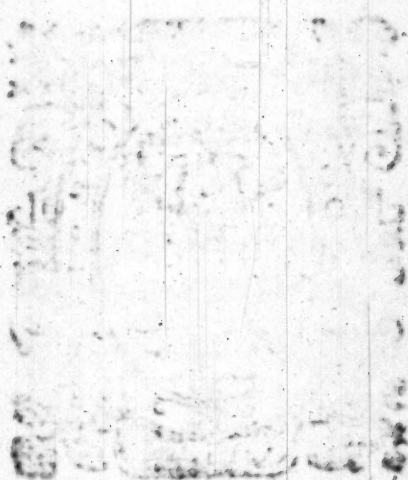
finishing of the

fisher-mans tale.

By the same author.

LONDON: Printed by J. B. for J. B.

1752.



Printed and sold by J. B. for J. B.

at the Sign of the Anchor, in

St. Dunstons Church-yard.

1752



# To the Worshipful, his verie

good friend, M. *Francis Tresham*, sonne and heire to

*to the renowned and vertuous Knight, Sir Tho-*

*mas Tresham, Francis Sabie wisheth full*

*fruition of mortall and im-*

*mortall foelicite.*



HE report and consideration (Right Worship-  
full of your exceeding courtesie, the great and  
imherited friendship, which I and my parentes  
haue, and do daylie find at the handes of that re-  
nowned and vertuous Knight, your Father, doe embolden  
mee to present vnto your W orship this my vnpolished  
Poeme, from which otherwise, the imbecilitie of my skill  
in this diuine arte, and rudenesse of these my lines, doe alto-  
gether dehort me. Which if your W orship (serious affairs  
ended) shall vouchsafe to cast a fauourable glaunce vpon, and  
therein shall find any part or parcell pleasing to your vertu-  
ous mind, I shall esteeme my trauell as much worth, as had  
it otherwise beene spent, in winning the golden Apples  
of *Hesperia*, or in fetchng precious Iems from the chrystall  
lake of the Pearl-flowing *Tagus*. The historie (I praesume)  
you shall finde delightfull; the matter not offensive to anie,  
only my skill in penning it is, imbicill; and my presumption,  
in presenting so rude a peece of worke to so wise a Patrone,  
verie great: which I hope your W orship will the more bear  
with, and account the rather to bee pardonable, in that the  
fault proceedeth from a good intention and faultlesse mea-  
ning.

*Your Worships immoouable votarie.*

FRANCIS SABIE.



# To the Reader.

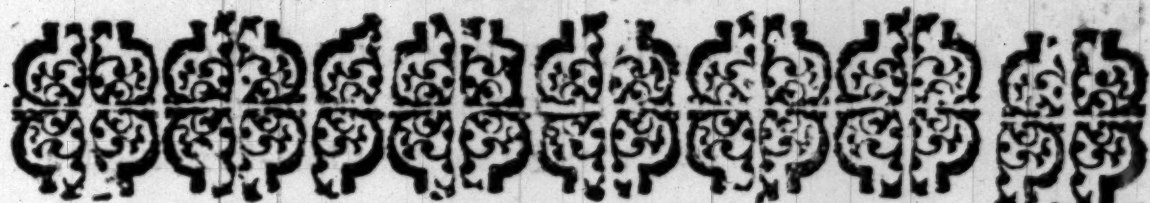


O expell (scorn-hating Reader) the accustomed tediousnes of colde winters nightes, and partlie to beguile slouth-causing sleepe, which otherwise would haue claimed some interest in an unbusied braine, I tooke pen in hand, and presuming somewhat of mine owne skill, wrote the Late published Poeme of the Fisher-mans Tale, which of necessitie I was then abruptly constrained to breake off, both in that Cassander who told the tale, could neither declare what had then chanced to Flora his Loue, nor I what would chaunce vnto him. Since which time, variable accidentes haue hapned to either of them, which newes-bearing Report hath brought vnto mine eares, and which also thy late acceptance of the former hath encouraged me to promulgate. Whereat if squint-eyed Zoylus, or splay-footed Momus shall carpe, or find fault, let them not, like angrie dogs, al to beslaue with their iawes the stone cast at them, I meane, teare in sunder my faultlesse Papers, but rather haue accessse vnto me their Authour, who will straitwayes fetch forth an olde rust-eaten Halberd, which saw no San these seuen yeares, wherewith I wil either massacre their deformed limmes, or (if they speake mee faire) garde them safely to Cold-harbour colledge, where they may haue one whole monethes leysure, to studie their backbiting arte. But curteous Gentlemen will curteously iudge of other mens trauels, and my hope is gentle Reader, as thou hast friendlie read and liked the beginning, so thou wilt also as friendly accept and iudge of the ending.

Thine euer in curtesie

F. S.





## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

### The second parte and fini-

shing of the Fishermans Tale.

Come *Clio* sweet, my neuer-idle Muse,  
Whose pleasant tunes so cheers a drooping mind,  
Come cheerful Muse from *Helicons* faire springs,  
With *Pallas* sprigs, and *Phœbus* Laureats dect,  
Help, ayd, assyst, to sing, declare, rehearse  
What did betide poore *Flora*, late the loue  
Of stout *Cassander*, long th'inhabitant  
of *Thetis* Cell, and *Neptunes* Monasterie:  
On whom the Gods and Fortune minded were  
Fulseuen long winters torments to inflict.  
Vnnaturally for that his Sire he left:  
Whose austere dealing wrought his fatall bane,  
And for austeritie to *Thirsis* showne,  
Not yeelding to his Tyger-taming words.  
Come gentle Muse, declare the rare euent  
Which chanced to poore *Flora* and her Sire:  
What? can the Gods both frowne and fawne at once?  
No sooner had Prosperities arch-foe,  
Death-threatening Fate with force of raging winds,  
And shattering billowes strinde her of her loue,  
But she soorthwith her father gan imbrace,  
And cleft on him on whom she scarstie durst  
Now looke vpon, forgetfull she of feare,  
And he of rage, distresse now made them friends,

B

Each





## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

Each held one arme about the others necke,  
 Each held one arme fast on a shatred pine,  
 Thus saylde they through the monster-shewing sea,  
 Now flying vp to high *Olympus* tower,  
 Now downe againe to *Dis* his hellish lake,  
 Sometimes both whelmd with *Neptunes* frothy waues  
 Sometimes again reuiu'd with drying winds.  
 Long sailde they thus, not thinking once of life.  
 Sencelesse as one on whome *Ioues* fire hath salne,  
 Or fearfull weapons fram'd by *Cyclops* hands,  
 When suddenlie *Triton* did sound retreyt  
 To hoysting waues, and *Eolus* to windes:  
 Seas were then milde, aire calme, each wind was hush  
 And quiet then, as in the *Halcions* dayes:  
 The broken bulke on which they sayled then,  
 Without all peril peaceably did swim,  
 A ship by chaunce preserued from this storme,  
 Came sayling by, the Marriners espide  
 These wightes distrest, and mooued vnto ruth,  
 Directed sayles towards them, and tooke them in,  
 And caried them (halfe-drownd) to *Delphos* Ile,  
 vv here wise *Apollo* giues out Oracles:  
 Here was poore *Flora* with her wretched Syre,  
 Both set on shore, amazed yet with feare,  
 Vvhen seeing death dildaind to end her woes,  
 Vplitting handes vnto the lottie skies,  
 Exclaiming, sobbing, weeping, crying out,  
 And furiously renting her yellow haire:  
 Thus *Flora* made her lamentable mone.  
 Death, *Dis*, *Styx*, *Proserpine*, ye *Stygian* Gods,  
 Internall powers, and all ye hellish crew,  
 Why suffer ye me damned wight to liue,  
 Vnfit, yea farre vnfit on earth to dwell?  
 Alasse me thinks, *Dis* sends me to Reuenge,

And



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

And *Proserpine*, to neuer-dying woes:  
 Ay me, see Death disdaines to end my pangs,  
 I am referu'd, doubtlesse I am referu'd  
 With *Tantalus*, or wretched *Ixion*,  
 Plagues, euer-during plagues still to abide.  
 Pardon, good *Thirsis*, pardon thine owne child,  
 The worker of thy grief and endlesse bane,  
 And now *Cassander*, whote delightfull shape,  
 The goddes enuy'd, which made thee be disdainde,  
 Loe now I come to thee, this fatall blade,  
 (A blade she held in hand) shal end my dayes,  
 And though we might not liue together here,  
 Yet shall our Ghosts (ye Gods forbid it not)  
 With Louers blyth, sport in *Elizian* fields.  
 This said, she would hane therewith slaine herselfe:  
 Whereat her Sire concealing his great griefe,  
 In this wise moou'd her from this desperate act.  
 Stay daughter, stay, let not your hands prepar'd  
 To saue your life, be authors of your death:  
 Learne of thy Syre, be warn'd by gray haire,  
 Of manie yeares wit and experience comes:  
 With grieuous plagues the Gods will them torment,  
 Which be themselves the authors of their death.  
 Lets rather seeke how to preferue our liues,  
 And not vnnaturalle worke our owne bane.  
 What though you haue bene breddresse of my woes  
 And mothers griefe, the Gods wil haue it so.  
 Men say, *Apello* in this sacred Ile,  
 Giues Oracles to wightes which be oppress'd,  
 Come let vs goe vnto his Temple rich,  
 And see if he will shew to vs what course,  
 Of life to take, or if by any meanes,  
 We may returne into our native land,  
 How to returne into our native land.



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

This said, they wandred both with pensive hearts  
 To wise *Apollo's* Church not far from thence,  
 Where when they were, sweet odors rich in smell,  
 On Aultars high religiously they burnt,  
 Then kneeling downe vpon the Marble flints,  
 With naked knees, bare heads, and vp-lifthandes,  
 Making the Temple sound with grievous sobs,  
 Old *Thirsie* in this sort gan make his mone,  
 O wise *Apollo*, fate-prælagng God,  
 Who knowst what things haue bene are and shall be,  
 O wise *Apollo*, crime-disclosing God,  
 Who doubtles knowst how fate hath dealt with me,  
 Aide and assist vs twaine, whom Fortunes spight  
 Hath causde to erre in this thy Delian Isle,  
 And if the Destenies haue it decreed,  
 That of my lyfe the thred be quite outrun,  
 Neere this thy temple let me lay my bones:  
 But let poore *Flora* my supposed child,  
 Find some redresse, age wils me to expect  
 And welcome death: Her lustie youthful yeares  
 Desire sweet life: the blossomes of my time,  
 Now withered are, but hers are fresh and greene:  
 Or if we may th' Arcadian plaines once see,  
 Tell vs how we againe may them once see:  
 He held his peace, and *Flora* thus began,  
 O *Phœbus* wise, of Prophets supream king,  
 Discloser of all secrete mysteries,  
 Tel how old *Thirsie*, whom proud Fortunes wratch  
 Hath made a pilgrim in thy sacred Isle,  
 May once but see his aged wife againe,  
 Th' Arcadian plaines, and swain-frequented fields:  
 And let me die, death is my due reward:  
 I craue no other, death I haue deseru'd:  
 Forthwith a scrowle before them was let fall,

And



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

And therewithall these thundering voyces sent,  
Take what you see *Arcadians*, shun delay,  
And where this ship sets you on land, there stay.  
Then giuing thanks, they took and read the scrowle,  
Wherein these words imprinted were in gold.

Old Thirsis, wise Apollo pittie thee,  
One of his prophets hencefoorth thou shalt be:  
Live Flora with thy Sire, end not thy dayes,  
Cassander liues not drown'd is he in seas.

Foorthwith, as they were charged, he made haste  
Vnto the ship, then ready to lanch out:  
But Flora doubtfull of the Oracle,  
Stood stil amaz'd, not knowing what to do.  
Alasse, quoth she, what meanes the Delian god,  
With such ambiguous words me to delude?  
What, was it not as easie to haue saide,  
Cassander liues: not drown'd is he, or els,  
Cassander liues not: drown'd is he? I see,  
Ay me, I see, the powers minded are  
To wrap me in a Laberinth of wocs:  
He surely meanes Cassander liue th not,  
And so Ile take it, drown'd is he in deep.  
This said, her father wild her to make haste,  
And follow him, as *Phœbus* had giuen charge.  
She followed him, but with a pensue heart,  
And dolefull mind: they both were set on boord,  
The shipmen quickly lanch'd into deepe:  
And gaue full sailes vnto their flying pine:  
Which *Boreas* steeds gan draw through *Tiberis* field,  
And plow'd therewith the sea-gods marshie realme.  
Vnluckie Flora trembled as she late,  
Fearing each waue which striind her of her loue.



## FLORA'S FORTVNE

Seven times had *Tyran* lift his fiery head,  
 From *Thetis* lap, where he all night had slept:  
 Seven times againe in her Chrystalline waues,  
 He drencht his chariot, and did sleep againe,  
 When *Adrian* chiefe ruler of the ship,  
 From top of sterne the Greekish coast espide,  
 From whence they came, and whereat in short space,  
 Winds helping them, they safely did arrive  
 Here *Flora* landed with her aged Sire.  
 The second time here were they set on shore,  
 And newes was spread through all the land of Greece  
 That *Phæbus* had a Prophet to them sent,  
 From *Delphos* Ile, and now he could deuine,  
 Presage, and tell all secretes and hid things,  
*Apollo* or he had concealde from him  
*Cassanders* fate, his daughters, and his owne.  
 Newes-carrying Fame with her loud sounding trump  
 Had quickly blaz'd these rydings through the land;  
 And who so famous now as *Thersis* was,  
 Who so renown'd from cuntries far vnkowne,  
 Kings, potentates, old, yong, both rich & poore,  
 And all degrees came flocking vnto him:  
 As though he had *Apollo* bene himselfe,  
 He briefly would all mysteries disclose,  
 And tel to them their owne peculiar thoughts,  
 VVhat was, had bene, and would be, he could tell.  
 Great store of golde & wealth was to him brought,  
 Yet couetous swaine, still hungrie after gaine,  
 The more he had, the more he sought to haue,  
 Who seeing *Greece* cuntry to containe  
 Faire Medowes, pastures, grounds and fields in it,  
 Sought to encrease his stock, and though he had  
 Now chang'd the aire, yet chang'd he not his mind,  
 But like the *Cat* whom *Jupiter* transform'd.

Inter



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

Into a maid, still ran she to a Mouse.

Though *Phœbus* had a Prophet of him made,  
Yet would hee shew himselte to be a swaine,  
He bought him sheepe and cotes, and neuer had  
So many flockes in large Arcadian bounds,  
As now he had within the Grecian fieldes,  
Sometime himselte vpon them would attend,  
Sometime againe, poore *Flora* would them keepe,  
And bearing still in mind *Cassanders* shape,  
Abandoning a second Louers name.

She tearm'd her selfe one of *Dianas* Nymphs,  
Or *Vestas* Nunnes, detesting *Venus* lawes,  
VVhich was the cause though many did her loue,  
Yet they refusde to shew to her their minds.  
Poore Saint, she wandred vp and down the fieldes,  
Exclaiming lobbing,, making piteous mone,  
And on a time recording her old Loue,  
As by her heards vpon a hill she stood,  
Such restless passions gripte her inward heart,  
That desperately she plucked foorth a knife,  
Ready to pearce therewith her groning heart,  
And therewithall these dolefull words sent foorth,  
To which poore *Eccho* answered in this wise.

*Fl.* What shal I do, shall I die, what shal *Flora* kil *Flora*, shal she?  
or to doe such a fact shall I leaue off? *Eccho. I leaue off.*

*Fl.* Leaue off, and why so? what liues there any so wretched,  
or any so lucklesse ech where as I am? *Ec. I am.*

*Fl.* Why tel, what art thou who me so sadly reanswerst;  
some distressed Virgin, or woful *Eccho*? *Ec. Eccho*

*Fl.* Alas poore *Eccho* we twaine may well go together,  
say trulie, what do we two not agree? *Ec. Not agree.*

*Fl.* VVhy tell good *Eccho*, liues my *Cassander*? how should I  
ioy, if thou shuldest tel me that he liues: *Ec. He liues.*











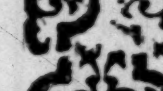


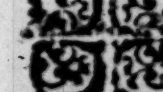



*Fl. De-*



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

*Fl.* Deceitfull Eccho, what meanst thou so to delude me?  
the sea had him doubtles, it had, and it hath, *Ec. It hath.*

*Fl.* I know that too well: we two may then goe together.  
dispairing *Flora* bids thee then adew. *Ec. Adew.*

 This said, she sent forth grievous sighes & grones,  
 Grones able to make soft the flintie stones,  
 And therewithall stretcht out againe her blade,  
 Her blade, wherewith she meant to kill her selfe:  
 Recording yet her fathers counsel once,  
 Desisted from this fatall enterprife.  
 Long liu'd she thus, poor wretch, yet at the length  
 Delay did somewhat mitigate her woes,  
 Whom now hemd in a laberinth of griefs,  
 And heape of cares, a while I meane to leaue.  
 Now of her birth, hard haps and parents liues,  
 And natiue soyle, wherein she now remaind,  
 And famous progenie I meane to speake.  
 In these seas (O my Muse) let saile thy barke,  
 And in this ground let run thy wagon wheelles:  
 *Agenor* once which ware the royall crowne  
 And diademe within this land of Greece,  
Summond by fate to appeare before the ghostes,  
And stroken with deaths fame outracing dart.  
Now at last gasp, vpon his fatal bed,  
Readie to die, his sonne vnto him cald,  
His only sonne *Palemon* whom he left  
To weare his crowne, and sit vpon his throne:  
He came: *Agenor* tooke him by the hand,  
And shedding teares, thus dolefullie gan speak.  
Thou seest my sonne, how death now summons me  
T'appeare before the supream king of kings:  
Oh, see my son, how *Atropos* extends  
Her hand, even now to cut in two the thred,



## FLORAS FORTVNE.

I must depart, the Fates wil haue it so:  
 Ingraue thou therefore in thy youthfull mind,  
 Thy dying fathers last and latest words:  
 This kingdome now fals vnto thee by lot,  
 And in my steed thou must this throne possesse,  
 Be therefore wise, and as thou knowst, I haue,  
 So be thou carefull of thy subiects wealth:  
 Giue vice his due, and vertue his rewardes,  
 And that thy progenie may also sit  
 Vpon this throne, and weare thy royal crowne,  
 Choose thee a wife equall to thee in birth,  
 Respecting vertue, and not greedy gaine:  
 More for her wisdom, fame and chastitie,  
 Then riches, forme, and transitorie shape:  
 So shall our progenie for euer sit  
 In this high seat, and weare this royall crowne.  
 This said, such death presaging pangs opprest  
 His dying heart, that speech was tooke away.  
 At length great *Iuno* pittying his estate,  
 Sent many-colloured *Iris* downe from heauen.  
 Of life Dame *Iris* quickly him dissolu'd:  
 Straight to a sigh, & huge death-bringing grone,  
 Out flew his breath, and to the ghosts gan poste  
 A y me, how did this sad and gastfull sight  
 Apale *Palemons* yong couragious mind,  
 Thrise fel he down, and thrise againe was tooke  
 Half dead frō ground, so nature in him wrought.  
 Yet when this dolor gan it selfe remooue,  
 And cloud of grieft to vanish from his mind,  
 He comfort tooke, and for his buriall rites  
 And funerals, all things he soone preparde,  
 With regaltie, and worthe such a prince,  
 And Potentate, were speedily dispatcht.  
 He caried with a noble troope of Peeres,

C

To





## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

In mourning weedes to *Pallas* temple rich,  
 And there in Marble royally entombde.  
 Shortly met all the Noble men againe,  
 And princelie Peeres, this mourning laid aside,  
 And with one minde, as was his right, they made  
*Palmon* king in olde *Agenors* steed.  
 The set the Crowne vpon his youthfull head,  
 And princelie Scepter in his regall hand.  
 He gouern'd them, and to them he gaue lawes,  
 He was their Lord, he was their onlie king.  
 Three times had *Ver* expelling *Hiems* frosts,  
 Refreshed the earth, which like a Chaos were,  
 Three times againe had blustering *Hiems* ripe  
 The fragrant hearbs, which *Ladie Ver* had brought,  
 When gouerning the famous land of Grece,  
 And quite forgetfull of his fathers wordes,  
 His Lords and Princes gan him wisely moue,  
 To take a wife sprong of some royall bloud,  
 Alleaging that it would commodious be  
 To him, and not vnpleasant vnto them;  
 A sonne to see, begotten of his seed:  
 So being olde, yet should he still be young,  
 So being dead, he still in them should liue.  
 And furthermore, say they, thy neighbour King,  
*Tuiston* high, in *Germanie* who raignes,  
 One daughter hath a Virgine passing faire,  
 In vertue, wealth, in birth, and natures gifts,  
 Excelling, rich, most royall, and renowned,  
 Who after him shall weare the imperiall crowne,  
 And by ambassage to thy father sent,  
 Who lately hath her proferd to thy wife,  
 And if so be thou minded art to saile,  
 To *Germanie* to see this sacred impe,  
 whose vertues rare shal Fames loud-sounding trump,  
Hath



## FLORAS FORTVNE,

Hath almost blazed throughout all the world,  
 Wee leuarde thee thither and a fit time now,  
 It is (it was spring tyde) to cut the seas:  
 He straightwayes moou'd at these his Princes words  
 Burnt in desire to see this virgin rare.  
 But by Embassadors he minded first  
 To know *Tuistons* mind, and whether she  
 Was not betroth'd to an any other king,  
 For els his welcome might haue bene but colde:  
 His sute denide, and all his labour lost:  
 Embassadors he therefore sent in haste,  
 Who speedily returnde with glad some newes,  
 Newes that *Tuiston* greatly would reioyce,  
 And be most glad to see him in his realme,  
*Palemon* hereat leapt for ioy in mind,  
 And for his iourney all things soone preparde,  
 And royally with manie of his peeres,  
 Did shipping take, and cut the Cærule seas,  
 And in short space, winds furthering his intent,  
 Arriued at *Tuistons* Germain coast,  
 Soone heard *Tuiston* that *Agens* sonne  
 Was in his realme, and comming towards his court,  
 Who speedily with all his valiant peeres  
 Came forth to meet, and welcome this great prince.  
*Iulina* also (for so called was  
*Tuistons* daughter) guarded on each hand,  
 With troupes of Ladies faire, and gallant imps,  
 Imps able euen to make *Adonis* yeeld,  
 To welcome this yoong Prince, came with her Sire,  
 She went: ah not vnlike in view she went,  
 To Regall *Iuno*, wife of kingly *Ioue*,  
 Had *Venus* bene among them, *Venus* would  
 Haue seemd to her inferior farre in shape,  
 In pregnant wit the *Pallas* did surpasse:





## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

And to be brieft more coy and chaste she was,  
 Then that groue-haunting goddesse, who delights,  
 In menacing the wilde and sauage beasts.  
*Palemon* saw her, and he was amaz'd  
 At her rare forme, and excellence in shape,  
 Her looks, her gesture, and mind-pleasing words,  
 Allured so his captiuated minde,  
 Accusing Fame one while, whom then he thought,  
 Too partiall was in sounding her due prayse:  
 And whom euen now he did but wish to see,  
 As greatlie now he did desire to haue:  
 Which in short time I, studie to be brieft,  
 He did obtaine, to both their sweet contents:  
 Their wedding day appointed, now was come,  
 I will not tell here what triumphant shewes  
 And ioy was held throughout all *Tuistons* land,  
 The higher sort in honour of their *Queene*,  
 On Coursers braue their valiant prowesse shewd.  
 The rusticke crue made bonfires in their streetes,  
 The pastorall troope made fieldes with ditties sound:  
 But that dayes pleasure soone gan passe away,  
 His fiery steeds now *Tytan* did vnyoke,  
 Her pitchie steeds now *Luna* did bring forth,  
 Night summond wearie limmes to take their rest:  
 This princely couple layd them down in bed,  
 Most ioyfully: But oh, vnhappie time,  
 O lucklesse night! the sportall wife of *Ioue*  
 Was not here present, *Hymen* was not here,  
*Enimedes* and *Furies* present were:  
 And from the chamber top in hellish notes  
 The Screech-owle sang a lamentable song.  
 Twise with full circle, twise with wained hornes,  
 Did *Cynthia* see *Aganors* sportiue some,  
 Courting *Iulina* his new-wedded wife,

And



## FLORAS FORTVNE.

And froliking in olde *Tuiston* Court,  
 When suddenly a great desire to see  
 His countrie *Greece*, was kindled in his mind,  
 Foorthwith he told *Tuiston* that he needs  
 Should then return vnto his land againe,  
 Alleaging causes of no little force,  
 Which olde *Tuiston* could not well gainsay.  
 But as he could, he moou'd him yet to stay,  
 But no intreatie would with him take place,  
 Now were swift ships and all things in the port,  
 To carie these two princes into *Greece*:  
 Aye me what tongue, what *Tullie* can expresse,  
 But halfe the dolor of this dismall day.  
 Three times *Tuiston* kissing his sweet childe,  
 Bedew'd her cheekes with his Christalline teares,  
 Three times he would haue said, sweet child farewell,  
 In steed of which came three heart-renting grones:  
 Then charg'd he her, her husband to obey,  
 And at no time to falsifie her faith,  
 Then praid he him to loue his louing wife:  
 By whom he once should gaine so great a Crowne.  
 But now the ships alreadie were lanch'd out,  
 And they on boord, now must they needs away:  
 Poore issulesse *Tuiston* cried out,  
 Like louing Nurse whose babe is tooke away:  
 Repenting that he euer had bequeath'd  
 His daughter to *Palemon*, King of *Greece*,  
 Who had her caried from her Fathers land,  
 Whose only comfort and delight she was:  
 Accusing one while Fate, and senile age,  
 Who would not suffer his vnwekdre iointes,  
 Through *Neptunes* realme to follow his deare child.  
 Long time lamenting thus vpon the shore,  
 Viewing the pines which caried them, he stood:



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## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

And when they were sailde fullie out of sight,  
 Vnto his Pallace sorrowfull returnde:  
 And as a Turtle Doue, when she hath lost  
 Her louing mate, so seem'd he to lament,  
 Refusing solace, voyd of earthly ioy.  
 And at the last his life in griefe did end,  
 Seuen times *Aurora* with her ruddie cheekes,  
 Saw yoong *Palemon* sayling with his loue,  
 Seuen times in Skies night-bringing *Vesper* shone,  
 By which their sailes the mariners did guide,  
 When turrets high began to shew themselues  
 From *Pallas* temple in coast of Greece,  
 To which aire-beating *Austers* flying steedes,  
 Did quickly drawe the saile-supporting pines.  
 Who can expresse but halfe the ioy which *Greece*  
 Made when *Palemon* safely there arriu'd,  
 Shril Trumpets blew, bells rang, loud Ecchoes pierc'd  
 The loftie skies, at their arriual home,  
 And now *Palemon*, who hadst such a Queene,  
 A peerelesse spouse, with vertues rare enricht,  
 Now mightst thou haue most luckiest bene cald,  
 Of all the Monarks vnder cope of heauen:  
 But no man may be called fortunate,  
 Before his death and latest dying day.  
 Securely now with his most royall Queene,  
 Lul'd fast a sleep in sweet contentments bed,  
 Raign'd king *Palemon*, when blisse-hating Fate,  
 Prosperities arch-foe, stedfast in nought,  
 But in wauering vnstedfastnes it selfe:  
 Enuying alwayes Princes happie blisse,  
 And smiling at great Monarks ouerthrow,  
 Now chang'd sweet dimples into wrinkles fell.  
 Thrise after their arriual into Greece.  
 Faire *Cynthia* in decreasing had increasde.

Her



## FLOR A'S FORT VNE.

Her wained hornes, and with full circle showne,  
 When sudden newes from *Germanie* was brought,  
 That olde *Tuiston* lately was deceast,  
 And that *Palemon* should without delay,  
 Go take possession of that royall crowne,  
 Which was his *Queens* inheritance by right;  
 This thing to doe *Palemon* was not slacke,  
 Fearing delay might mickle danger bring.  
 Accompani'd with many of his Peeres,  
 He shipping tooke, and cut the foming seas.  
 Leauing his wife vnto the regiment  
 And conduit of a graue and senile man,  
*Eristo* cald, of whose fidelitie,  
 And truth he thought he needed not to doubt,  
 Perswaded that his youthfull time was past,  
 And that his age on beautie could not dote.  
 Not knowing that the Canker soonest eates  
 The milk-white Rose, and that corruption doth  
 Soon' stenter into gray and hoary haires.  
*Palemon* was now in the *Germain* coast,  
*Eristo* with *Iulina* his sweete Queene,  
 Who seeing her in feature to exceede  
 All other wightes, which nature euer fram'd,  
 Old cankred *Carle* gan on her beautie dote,  
 And youthfull *Cupid* roulde vp his olde limmes,  
 By outward signes which he did daylie shoue:  
 But outward signes with him could take no place,  
 At length not able to suppress these flames,  
 Which kindled were in this old rotten stocke,  
 Presumptuously he then by sweet requestes  
 Did her intreat to yeeld vnto his will,  
 Thou seest (quoth he) *Palemon* is farre hence,  
 And sweet desire inflames my youthfull mind,  
 Yeeld therefore to *Eristos* humble suite;

Whose



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

Whose life vpon thy mercy doth depend,  
 And olde *Eristo* shall himselfe confesse,  
 As much as life indebted vnto thee.  
 She dying with a red vermilion hue,  
 Her milkie face, and snow-surpassing cheeks:  
 Aunt old Carle, quoth she, presumptuous Earle,  
 A traitor false to King and louing prince,  
 Aunt old foole, whose yeares full many moe  
 Then vertues are, whose age with vice abounds:  
 Dar'st thou in thought but wish thy loyall Queene  
 Vnto thy King to falsifie her faith?  
 No, know *Eristo*, know, *Iulina* scornes,  
 Besides *Palemon*, anie Loue to haue.  
 Know that she scornes all other Monarks loues,  
 Much lesse *Eristoes* crime-embracing Earle,  
 Away depart from chaste *Iulinaes* sight,  
 Lust-breathing traitor, crime-committing Carle,  
 Assure thy selfe by mine vnspotted faith,  
 And by *Palemons* Princely head I sweare,  
 Assure thy selfe thou shalt a terrour be,  
 To all adulterous Earles in time to come,  
 How they dare moue their chaste & soueraign Queene  
 To lewd desire, and this thy foule offence  
 Shall punished be with more than mortall plagues.  
*Eristo* then departed in a rage,  
 And by reuenge sought how to wreak his vvrath,  
 A false reporte he presentlie raised vp,  
 That he had seene *Iulina* guiltie Queene,  
 With Lord *Alpinor* playing *Venus* games.  
 Which thing to make more credible, he hir'd  
 A treacherous Knight, the same for to affirm.  
 Foorthwith he took *Alpinor*, spotlesse Lord,  
 And caused him in dungeon to be throwne:  
 He guiltlesse was, and knew at all no cause,

Why



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

Why vnto him such rigor should be shown,  
 Then sent he letters vnto his dread king,  
 How that the Queene defiled had his bed,  
 And with *Alpinor* traiterously conspir'd  
 To murther him, and take from him his crowne:  
 And that thou maist thinke this no forged tale,  
 I (saith he) with *Calingo* saw them both,  
 Like *Mars* and *Venus* wrapt in *Vulcans* net,  
 Vpon thy bed, when *Cupid* strooke the stroke.  
 Ah how these newes apall'd *Palemons* mind.  
 His youthfull mind impatient yet of griefe.  
 Three times he shook his griefe-prælagging lockes,  
 Lockes neuer woont so furiously to mooue.  
 Not *Tantalus*, amid the fleeing waues,  
 Nor wretched *Ixion* with his rowling wheele,  
 No damned ghost amid *Don Plutoes* lake,  
 Did suffer half the tortures which he did.  
 Now did he call to mind *Iulinaes* fame,  
 Her vertues rare, and neuer-spotted name,  
 Who said, first *Lunas* steeds shall guide the day,  
 And *Tytans* night, then Ile be false to thee.  
 One while againe he called into mind,  
 Her heauenly shape, and heart-alluring forme,  
 And that *Alpinor* was a youthfull Lord.  
 Then of what force sweet *Venus* fire was,  
 Which oft had causde the chastest gods to yeeld.  
 Much lesse *Iulina* but a mortall imp,  
 And therefore prone, and easily overcome,  
 Long time (quoth he) was *Dido* counted chaste,  
 Yet by request *Aeneas* made her yeeld.  
 So hath *Iulina* to *Alpinors* suite.  
 What's of more might then *Venus* fierie loue.  
 This in a rage he fullie did belecue,  
 Not doubting of *Eristoes* treacherous mind,

D

And.



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

And leauing there some of his trustie Peeres,  
As Deputie and vnder him Vize-king,  
He tooke his iourney speedily toward Greece,  
Prickt vwith the spurs of fierce and dire reuenge,  
Whom now one while vpon the seas wee leaue,  
And to *Eristo* make a new recourse.  
Who by all meanes deuilde to bring to passe,  
To make it seeme more true than truth it selfe.  
The homicide this treason did inuent:  
He to *Pandion* keeper of the laile,  
Did humblie come, with *Simons* flattering tongue,  
His withered cheeks bedewing with false teares,  
Which from his beautie-beared eies did come,  
And in these tearmes his fained suit began.

*Pandion*, whom as yet I euer found  
*Eristos* friend, in all his secreete actes,  
*Pandion*, vnto whole fidelitie,  
I dare and will my verie life commit.  
*Eristo* needs thy counsell now and aide,  
And secrecie, but secreete thou must be,  
Speake on, quoth he, what needs *Eristo* vse  
So many words, commixt with princely teares?  
If he commaund, *Pandion* shall obey:  
Although it do the losse of life concerne:  
If he bid secreete be, he will conceale,  
Yea though a thousand tortures he should haue.

Then (sweet *Pandion*) listen to my words,  
And do (quoth he) what I would haue thee doe.  
Thou knowst I raise a slanderous report,  
Against *Alpinor* and our royall Queene:  
Alas, it was a false report I raise,  
It was because she would not yeeld to me,  
And now *Alpinor* in thy conduct is,  
And will (I feare me) bring the thing to light.

Now



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

Now that I may my selfe quite rid of feare,  
And make it seeme more true than truth it selfe:  
I would haue thee with some sharp iron blade  
Pierce through his bodie, so should it be thought,  
He slew himselfe, for feare of further rage.  
*Pandion* stood, not knowing what to doe,  
That he should slay so innocent a Lord,  
Yet at the last he swore by all the Gods,  
That he would do't, when time and place shuld serue.  
*Eristo* then departed, glad in mind,  
*Pandion* dolefull, knew not what to doe,  
Sometime he thought vpon his promise made,  
Sometime vpon this detestable deed.  
And standing thus, yndoubtfull what to doe,  
He brake into these variable tearmes.

Ah poore *Pandion*, how art thou beset,  
In two great straits, not knowing what to doe:  
For lucre sake wilt thou thy selfe exclude  
From heauenly blisse in sweet Elysian fieldes?  
Wilt thou now purchase *Sisiphus* his plagues,  
In murdering the sin-detesting blood?  
What? Fear'st thou more a poore terrestiall man,  
With earthly plagues who can but thee reward,  
Than supream powers, who can for thine offence,  
Who can with endlesse torments thee inflict?  
A guiltie conscience is a wretched thing,  
A torture fell, a worme that euer bites,  
A wound which is incurable, a fire  
Which alwaies burnes, and cannot be put out.  
But what *Pandion*, why talkest thou of this?  
Hast thou not sworn that thou wilt doe the fact?  
Doe it I will, let *Dis*, *Death*, or *Reuenge*  
Doe what they can, Ile surely doe the deed,  
Outragiouse thus resolute he went,



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

And caught in hand a knife, a satall knife,  
 And running where *Alpinor* was in hold,  
 He found him making lamentable mone,  
 In that he harmlesse should be forc'd to lie  
 In such a pitchie *Styx*-resembling hole.  
 Whom at the first this hel-hound did sooth vp,  
 with sundry tearmes, and comfortable words.  
 Like *Mercurie*, who plaid vpon his pype,  
 Whilst hundred-eyed *Argus* he did kill.  
 Then seeing time, pluckt out his satall blade,  
 And hellish wretch, I quake to tell the deed,  
 Pierc'd Lord *Alpinor* through the harmlesse side,  
 And left him soltring in his guiltlesse blood.  
 With all speed to *Eristo* then he ran,  
 As though he had not knowne this hainous act:  
 And said *Alpinor* hauing got a knife,  
 Had stabd himselfe for feare of greater plagues:  
 Fame had no sooner heard this forged tale,  
 But she it sounded throughout all the coast:  
 And now it was in euery peasants mouth,  
 He slew himselfe fearing *Palemons* wrath.  
 And now *Palemon* landed was in *Greece*:  
 Whome old *Eristo* cunningly did meet,  
 And what by letters he to him had told,  
 In forged tales now to him he confest.  
 I (saith he) to my mickle discontent,  
 Espide them sporting on thy princely bed:  
 When grieuing that thou shouldst be so abusde,  
 I causde *Alpinor* soorthwith to be tooke,  
 And cast him into prison, where outrageously,  
 Fearing thy wrath, he butchered vp himselfe,  
*Calingo* can this testifie, his eies  
 Beheld them both, exclaiming out of them,  
 This made *Palemons* late-receiued wound

Bleed



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

Bleed now more freshlie then it did at first:  
 With fierie spurres of dire reuenge incenst,  
 He would not once behold his wretched Queene.  
 But vexed that *Alpinor* thus was dead,  
 He swore by heauens and earth, and all the powers,  
*Iulina* should for both their treasons smart.  
 He cauld her therefore straitway to be throwne  
 Into a deep and pitchie Stygian hole,  
 I shake to tell, where *Tytans* fiery beames,  
 Nor *Lunas* light was neuer seen to come:  
 She lifting vp poore wretch, her hands to heauen,  
 And to the Gods who knew her guiltlesse mind,  
 O Fortune (quoth she) now doest thou begin  
 To frowne on me, who euer erst hast faund!  
 Shall I now lie among false impious slaues,  
 Who guiltlesse am, and haue done none offence?  
 Shall I now lie vpon the flinty stones,  
 In steed of soft and downie fetherbeds?  
 Shall now these armes be clogd with iron bolts,  
 In steed of Gems, and bracelets of golde?  
 Alas I haue patrated none offence,  
 Or crime at all worthy these sauage plagues,  
 Vnlesse when I forsooke mine aged Sire,  
 To come to *Greece*, I did commit offence.  
 But oh, I would amid the craggy rockes,  
 And foming waues I might haue plagued bene,  
 When I forsooke my care-oppressed Sire  
 And followed false *Palemon* into *Greece*.  
 But yet the gods I hope, for doubtlesse they  
 Haue seene, and know my sin-detesting life,  
 The Gods I hope, with neuer ending woes,  
 And lasting tortures shall the tyrant plague.  
 The day now came, wherein offenders should  
 punished, according to the law;



## FLORAS FORTVNE.

*Iulina* was brought out, and guiltlesse Queene,  
 Among vniust and guiltie forc'd to stand.  
 She lift her hands and heart vnto the skies,  
 Heart neuer stain'd with thought of leud desire:  
 Protesting that most innocent she was,  
 And neuer had in thought done such a crime,  
 But goe to (saith she) O thou tyrant fell,  
 Kill, murther, slay thy chaste and loyall wife,  
 Death shall at length thy sauage torments end.  
 Death shall at length these earthlie woes dispatch,  
 But yet I trust to see thy gastfull ghost,  
 With false *Eristoes*, tortur'd by Reuenge.  
 Downe in a valley, neere the snakie Campe,  
 With Stygian waues enuiron'd round about,  
 Boyleth a chaldron with blew Sulphur flames,  
 With sulphur flames, which neuer are put out,  
 There standes *Chimera* with his gastfull armes,  
 Armes massacring the sin-delighting ghosts:  
 There sits a Iudge whose name is dire Reuenge,  
 With vvhips in hand, and firebrands in his teeth,  
 The Furies daylie vpon him attend,  
 And poisoned toads, and serpents on him vvait:  
 He, he it is vvich vvill see me reueng'd  
 On *don Calingoes* crime-concealing ghost.  
 He, he it is, which vvill see me reueng'd  
 Vpon the tyrant and *Eristo* false,  
 And when thou shalt haue plagued me as thou wilt,  
 And torne in sunder these my liuelesse lims,  
 Ile followe thee a gastfull gloomi shade,  
 And neuer will I leaue thee to pursue,  
 Till I haue brought thee to Reuenge his mouth.  
 Presumptuous whoore (quoth false *Agenors* sonne).  
 How canst thou talke of innocencie now?  
 Did not *Eristoe* and *Calingo* see

Thee



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

Thee doe the crime? will Earle *Eristo* lie?  
 What if they had not seene thee doe the deed,  
 And thou thy selfe it also hadst denide?  
 Why did *Alpinor* butcher vp himselfe?  
 Why did he not first clear him of this crime?  
 Wherefore goe to, go to my noble Peeres,  
 Inuent some cruell torture for the vvhooore.  
 Let her be burnt, what thing can be more plaine?  
 What thing can be more manifest than this?  
 Part of his Nobles did this sentence like  
 And said, that she was worthy to be burnt:  
 But yet it was a grieffe vnto them all,  
 That such a Queene should be so put to death,  
 Till at the last, a graue and senile Earle,  
 Who long had iudg'd in vertues rightfull seat,  
 Inspired by the Gods, who saw her wrongs,  
 Rose vp, and to *Agenors* offspring spake.  
 O mightie Prince, who in this famous land,  
 Doest weare the crowne, and beare the royall mace,  
 Whose dutie is to see all vice reform'd,  
 And sinners to be punisht by the law.  
 Thou hast condemn'd thy royall Queene to die,  
 Accused by *Eristoes* sole complaint.  
 He doth accuse, and she excuse her selfe,  
 He mou'd with rage, and she to saue her life,  
 Now if thou wilt haue her to see her fault,  
 And all men know that she doth rightly die,  
 Let her againe be sent to prison close,  
 And send thou to the crime-disclosing God,  
 Or *Themis* wife: she once declared how  
 Lost humane kind should be restorde againe.  
*Apollo* or wise *Themis* will declare,  
 Her treacherous deed, so shall she iustly die.  
 So shall she not plead guiltlesse as she doth.

So



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

So shall all men condemne her for her fault,  
*Palemon* might full well haue bene condemn'd  
 Otrigor, should he haue mislik'd of this:  
 To prison backe he sent *Iulina* chaste.  
*Iulina*, who with child was verie big,  
 Which when *Palemon* saw, and did behold,  
 Her womb, which sweld with offspring therein close,  
 He sware by heauen, and all the Gods therein,  
 The bastard brat should smart for Sires offence,  
 Two Noble men were speedily sent forth,  
 To *Themis* Church, her Oracle to fetch,  
 And she again to dreadfull dungeon sent,  
 Expecting alwaies when she should bring forth.  
 Th'expected houre now came, she cride and gron'd,  
 Intreating *Iuno* for deliuerance,  
*Iuno* releasde her, *Iuno* heard her sute,  
 She on the flintes, no midwife helping her,  
 O dolefull case! a daughter sweet brought forth,  
 Soone brought Pandion keeper of the laile,  
 These tidings to *Palemon* fretting king,  
 He straightway charg'd him take the bastard brat,  
 Throw't in a boat, and let it flote on seas:  
 For so (saith he) by some sinister chance,  
 Or death it shal for Sires offences smart.  
 He forthwith came, and told the wretched Queen,  
 These heauie newes: who can expresse her mone?  
 Thise kist she her sweet babe, and dew'd the face  
 With her ChrySTALLINE pearl-resembling teares,  
 Impatient, thrise of sorrow she fel downe,  
 As though no life at all had bene in her.  
 Ah little babe (quoth she) but euen now borne,  
 And readie now to yeeld to cursed Fate.  
 Shalt thou be fed with frothy salt sea some,  
 In steed of thy sweet mothers sugred milke?



## FLORAS FORTVNE.

Shalt thou be rockt with windes and raging waues,  
 In steed of milde and gentle lullabies?  
 Alasse thy Sire, thy flintie-hearted Sire  
 Will haue it thus, begotten of a Beare,  
 Nurst with a sauage Tygers cruell milke,  
 More cruell then blood-thirsty Nero was.  
 And now farewell, my haplesse babe, farewell,  
 Yet let me kisse thy tender cheekes againe,  
 The Gods I hope, the Gods will thee defend.  
 Ah see how Nature worketh in mine heart,  
 Here take with thee thy wretched mothers ring,  
 A spouall gift the Tyger once her gaue.  
 Take here this chaine, the tyrant me bequeath'd:  
 Take here this purse which hath some golde in it.  
 Fate better may perhaps for thee prouide,  
 Then doth thy Sire, she wrapt them in a robe,  
 And skarlet mantle. Now he tooke the babe,  
 And caried it vnto the hoysing waues.  
 The ruthfull mother when she saw it goe,  
 Cride out and shrikt, renting her yellow haire,  
 The child was now layd in a wherry boate,  
 And it thrust off, which floted in the seas:  
 Whom to the mercy of the quiet windes,  
 And hushed waues a while I meane to leaue,  
 And now retorne vnto the Grecian peeres.  
 Who were at *Themis* Temple now arriu'd.  
 They kneeling down vpon the Temple staires,  
 With suppliant voyces thus deuoutly praide.  
 Fore-telling *Themis*, *Themis* onlie wise,  
 Disclosse of al hid and vnknowne deedes,  
 Who once didst tell *Dencalion* and his spouse,  
 How lost mankind should be restord againe:  
 Tel if *Tussons* daughter, *Queene of Greece*,  
 Hath done that crime whereof she is accusde,



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

Tell if *Alpinor* late in prisonaine,  
 Committed hath so bad and foule a crime,  
 This said, vpon the Aulter fell a scrowle,  
 And therewithall these words the Goddesse sent,  
*Take what ye see, you Greekish Peeres, be gone,*  
*Vnseale it not before you come at home.*  
 They tooke it, ploughd the seas, and in short time  
 At *Grecia* coast were set on land againe,  
 Then kneeling downe, they humblie kist the scrowl,  
 And gaue it to *Aganors* fierie sonne,  
 He read it not straitway, but caused first  
 The wretched *Queene* from prison to be brought,  
 Then caused he a stake to be set vp,  
 VVherto the tyrant bound her hand and foote,  
 Perswaded fully that she guiltie was.  
 And there in flames should breath her latest breath,  
 Then tooke, vnseald, and read the sacred scrowle,  
 VVherein these words imprinted were in gold.

*Let reason rule in Princes, and not rage,*  
*What greater vice than lust in senile age.*  
*Iulina chaste, Alpinor guiltlesse vvay:*  
*Calingo false, Eristo treacherous,*  
*Pandion wicked, and if Destinie*  
*Helpe not, Palemon isslesse shall die.*

*Palemon* hereat stroken was halfe dead,  
 As one on whome *Ioues* thunderbolts haue falne,  
 Abash'd he stood, not lifting vp his eies,  
 Asham'd to looke vpon his guiltlesse *Queene*,  
 Then quickly causde *Eristo* to be tooke,  
*Pandion* and *Calingo* traitors false:  
*Eristo* who late crist in iudgment seat,  
 Now guilty stood among the damned sort.

And



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

And presently vnto them all confest,  
 His villanie to chaste *Iulina* wrought:  
 And that because she would in no wise yeeld  
 To leud desire, the flaunder he deuilde.  
 And that *Calingo* hired of him was,  
 To verifi't, and inake it seeme a troth.  
 And that he had *Pandion* moou'd with bribes,  
 To slay *Alpinor* as he lay in layle:  
 And so (saith he) I deem'd the matter would  
 Without all doubt, haue neuer come to light.  
 And damned wretch, what must I now expect,  
 But Sulphur flames and neuer-ending woes?  
 Ay me now shall *Chimera* take these lims,  
 And gripe them in his Adder-poysoned armes:  
 Through boyling *Acheron* now must I swim,  
 And euer dying, neuer end my paines.  
 Alas! I see Reuenge doth spur him on,  
 With iron whips to massacre my lims:  
 Deuouring vultures shall now teare mine heart,  
 Mine heart, which as they eat, it shall encrease.  
 With all speed therfore iudgement was pronounc'd,  
 Against *Eristo* and his two consortes:  
 And speedilie before *Iulinas* face.  
 All massacred, their lims in fire burnt.  
 The Noble men vnbinding their good Queene,  
 Gan comfort her with delectable words,  
 Affirming that *Palemon* did repent  
 Him of the rigour he to her had showne.  
 Which she might see in punishing her focs.  
 Poore wretch, she cast her eies vpon the ground,  
 Refusing on *Palemon* once to looke:  
 Increasing riuers with her spring of teares:  
 Her golden lockes once trimd with pretious gems,  
 With furious hands now from her head she pluckt,



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

Her eies which once like glittering Diamonds were,  
Now bleared were with fountaines of her teares:  
Her snowie cheeks, once intermixt with red,  
A yellow hue and ashie visage staine,  
Nought on her bodie now but bones were scene,  
A grieffie Ghost, and bony shape she seem'd,  
And in short time, out worne with fretting griefe,  
Death finished her miserable life.

*Palemon* almost to the same estate,  
And miserie in sorrowing was brought,  
But that the Fates so had it not decreed,  
They did reserve him for some other cause:  
He buried her as did befit a Queene,  
In royall wise: al Greece did for her mourne.  
To *Pallas* Church her liuelesse corps were brought,  
And she in marble gorgeiously intomb'd,  
On whome he causde this Epitaph to stand.

*Here lies Iulina, Germanies chaste Queene,  
Tuitons daughter false Palemons wife:  
Accusde to be unchaste, by Themis cleer'd,  
By rigour yet bereaved of her life.*

*Her bodie plac'd within this Marble is,  
Her ghost in sweet Elysian fieldes in blisse.*

He hauing thus her funerals dispatch,  
Liu'd in vast dolour, and perpetuall griefe,  
Sighing, and crying out against the Fates,  
Amid these woes, whome now I meane to leaue,  
And make recourse vnto this little babe,  
Who now is floting on the surging seas.  
Long time it swam betwixt dispayre and hope,  
Doubtfull which waue should haue it overwhelmed,  
At length in *Humber* streames it forced was,

Which



## FLORA'S FORTUNE.

Which mildly runs by sweet Arcadian downes,  
 Long saild it here, and at the length it staid  
 Among bul-rushes on the Reedy banks:  
 Neere to this riuer stood a little house,  
 whose roof was straw, whose wals wer willow twigs;  
 And herein dwelt a simple country swaine,  
 whose name was *Thirsus*, wondrous poore & bare.  
 He hyred was to keepe old *Damons* heards,  
 And keeping them neer to this pleasant stream  
 As all along he walked by the banks,  
 He heard the infant cry for want of food,  
 He ran to it, supposing it had been  
 One of his lambs, hang'd in the marshy reeds,  
 And comming neere, he saw the skarlet robe  
 Lie in the boat, at first he was affraid:  
 And started backe, as when a country man  
 Espies a snake, yet by and by he durst  
 Goe neerer it, then touched he the robe,  
 And seing it to be a verie childe,  
 He tooke it vp, from it tooke vp, there fell  
 A chaine of golde, he almost dead with ioy,  
 Did snatch it vp, and sitting on the grasse,  
 Did ope the mantle, there he found a ring,  
 And massie purse, he tooke them in his armes,  
 And couering them with his old ragged cloke  
 To *Mepsa* came, and thus to her he said,  
 Come hether *Mepsa*, look what I haue got,  
 An infant faire, a sweet and seemly childe:  
 And who shall keepe vs when we two waxe olde,  
 We haue no child, weel say that it is ours:  
 Out knaue (quoth she) out cuckold-making rogue,  
 Whoor-hunting slaue, bringst thou thy bastards here?  
 Auauunt thou knaue, thou arrant knaue, auant,  
 Thinkst thou that I thy base-borne brats will keep,



## FLORAS FORTVNE.

No, *Mepsa* scornes to mother bastards base,  
 Though *Thursis* counts it credit them to get.  
 As though we two had nought to doe but play  
 With brawling infants. Out whoore-hunting scab:  
 Depart (I say) or els I sweare by *Ioue*,  
 Ile make clubs trump, this distaffe shall bumbaste  
 Thy lither loynes, and I will take t he brat,  
 And ding the braines against the flinty stones.

He fearing her, thus mildly did entreat:  
 Peace *Mepsa*, peace, good *Mepsa* be content,  
 Hold still thy rocke: for euer we are made,  
 See heere a chaine, which with it I haue found,  
 See here a ring, and purse repleat with golde.  
 Shee seeing it, ran vnto *Thursis* strait,  
 And gaue to him an hundred hungrie smackes:  
 He doubled them as greedily againe.  
 Long stood they kissing and rekissing thus:  
 Then told to her his chaunce and luckie haps,  
 That he them found on reedy *Humber* bankes,  
 And now we must be silent wife (quoth he)  
 Or els it wil be knowne vnto the king:  
 Heele take from vs what Fortune hath bestowd:  
 So shall we poorer be then ere we were.  
 And that we may more surely it conceale,  
 Harke to me wife, I haue deuise a shift:  
 When gloomie night expels the cheerefull day,  
 And pitchie darknesse summons men to sleep,  
 Faine thou thy selfe in childbirth to be pain'd,  
 And piteously (as women vse) crie out:  
 I presently will for the midwife run,  
 And all our neighbors as the custome is,  
 Lay thou the child all naked at thy feet,  
 And say thou hast brought it before they come,  
 So shall ech one suppose that it is ours.



## FLORA'S FORT VNE.

So verie wel we may this thing conceale.  
 This counsell pleased *Mepsa* very well.  
 Night-bringing *Hesper* rul'd in dimmed skies:  
 And *Lunas* Steeds gan cut the darkned aire,  
 Now wearie corps with dayly toyle opprest,  
 Gan soundly snort, amid their sluggish bed:  
 But *Mepsa* mindfull of her late intent,  
 Gan crie and call for *Iunos* speedy aid,  
 Poore *Thirsis* ran, and piteously cride out,  
 As though his wife had trauelled indeed,  
 Help neighbours, helpe quoth he, my wife cries out,  
 And now in child-birth dolefully is paind:  
*Iana* for haste, at threshold brake her nose:  
*Fauslla* ran halfe naked through the street:  
 But yet for al their speed they came too late,  
*Mepsa* brought forth a daughter ere they came,  
 And that she had brought forth they gaue all thanks.  
 It bruted was in short time through the towne,  
 That *Thirsis* wife a daughter sweet had brought.  
 And no man thought but she her mother was,  
 And he her Sire, so cunningly they wrought,  
 And *Thirsis* now an hirelings wages scorn'd,  
 He now disdained to feed olde *Damons* heardes,  
 He with his money bought him sheep and coats,  
 And in short time grew to be verie rich.  
 When *Flora* was some nine or ten yeeres olde,  
 For so he nam'd the infant whom he found,  
 She followed him, and bare his scrip and hooke,  
 And learned how to feede his snowy heardes.  
 And as in age, so she in seemly shape  
 Seem'd to increase, she waxed passing faire,  
 No Shepherdesse within the *Arcadian* plaines,  
 Was halfe so faire, as *Mepsa's Flora* was.  
 In summer time, when fiery *Tyrans* beames

Scorch'd



## FLORAS FORTVNE

Scortch'd cuntrie truls, with beautie-spoyling heat,  
 With garlands braue she would adorne her selfe;  
 And shadie boughs to keepe away the heat.  
 Good Lord how many, when she came to age,  
 Burnt in desire, and su'd to haue her loue.  
 Wel-pyping *Damon*, with *Amyntas* came,  
 Rich *Melibeus*, faire *Alexis* eke:  
 A thousand more too long heere to recite,  
 A woing came, all which she did repell.  
 Her father would her oft times wish to wed,  
 Her mother would to marrie her perswade,  
 But mixing whitenesse with a skarlet hue:  
 She would intreat them both to let her liue  
 A Virgin still, for loue she did detest.  
 Thus chastly liuing, and attending on  
 Her fathers flockes, with many country truls,  
*Menalchus* sonne, a famous Grecian Earle,  
 Came ryding by, saw her, and burnt in loue,  
 And for her loue did make himselfe a Swaine.  
 He after much intreating, did obtaine  
 Her wished loue, and carried her away:  
 When as, you heard, her father missing her,  
 Ran after her, and would haue fetcht her backe,  
 But he poore swaine, was also partner made  
 Of their hard haps, and caried into ship,  
 When floting on the seas, a sudden storme,  
 And furious tempest brake their winged pine.  
 The Grecian Knight disioyned from his loue,  
 And by a boerd drawn to a craggie rocke,  
 A rocke whereon a little cell was built,  
 Where Gods assisting, long time he remaind.  
*Flora* and *Thirsis*, cleaving on a bulke,  
 At *Delos* land, *Apollas* Ile did stay:  
 Where by the counsell of the Delian God,

As



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

As late I told, they caried were to *Greece*:  
 And now was *Flora* in her native land,  
 Attending heards, where first she breathed life:  
 Now was she in *Palemons* land her Sire,  
 Her wofull Sire, which she full litle knew.  
 Each day she vsde to keepe her fathers flockes,  
 Still mourning for *Cassander*, her true loue:  
 At length the Gods did pitie her estate,  
 And Fortune who had seuen long winters frown'd,  
 At seuen yeares end began on her to smile.  
*Cassander* comming from his seaish cell,  
 As he was woont, his Citterne held in hand,  
 And standing on the bottome of the rocke,  
 Inchaunting fish with his melodious sound,  
 His Instrument by chaunce fel from his hand,  
 And carried was away by surging waues.  
 He cried out, O Fortune, yet wilt thou  
 Now with moe woes and torments me pursue?  
 Wilt thou againe begin me to mollest,  
 Who erst did thinke to make a slaue of thee.  
 What shall I doe? Shall I depart from hence?  
 And subiect be againe to Fortunes spight?  
 No, no, I will not: in these furious seas,  
 Ile cast my selfe, and end my lothed life:  
 Loe now I die. What said I, I would die?  
 What shall *Cassander* kill *Cassander*? no,  
 He shal not do't. The Gods with endlesse plagues  
 Will them inflict, which spoyle themselves of life.  
 But yonder sailes a ship. O Mariners,  
 Take pity of a poore distressed wight:  
 Take pitie of one, whome Gods wrathfull ire  
 Long time hath causde to liue on this cold rocke.  
 They pittied him, and bending sayles and oares  
 Vnto the rocke, did take him in on boord.

F

He



## FLORA'S FORT VNE.

He to the shipmen told his hard mishaps:  
Which causd them not to thinke their iourney long,  
And in short time, (for thither did they sayle)  
Their ship did land at olde *Palemons* Coast.

Here was *Cassander* once a Grecian Knight,  
Set on the shore, it was his natiue soyle,  
Disdayning his inheritance to seeke,  
Or Fortunes gites, but pilgrim-like he went.

Now was poore *Flora* in her natiue land,  
Where both her Sire and Loue *Cassander* was,  
Yet neither of them knew where th' other was,  
*Eristos* some, a false and youthfull Earle,  
For villanie whose father martyrd was.

*Dryano* cald, who only bore now sway,  
Next to *Palemon* in the land of *Greece*.

In summer time vnto the groue woods,  
Mounted vpon a Steed and Palfrey braue,  
Like *Mars* in valour, with a dart in hand,  
Went to pursue the wilde and sauage Boare.

No sooner came he into bushie woods,  
But from a caue a fiery Boare rusht out:  
His eyes resembled aiery-lightening flames,  
His bristles stood like speares vpon his baek,  
A hoarie some imbru'd his threatning iawes,  
His cralhing teeth were able euen to make  
Couragious *Mars* to quake and shake for feare.

*Drlano* first gan throw at him a dart;  
Which like a shaft against a flint redound,  
Then all his men their weapons did let flie,  
Darts flew as thicke as hailstones from the skies,  
The fiery Boare fomes, rag eth, gnasheth teeth,  
And with his ire seemes euen to prostrate pines.  
They followed him, and neuer left pursuit,  
Till they had laid his carcase on the ground.

Ioyfull



## FLORA'S FORT VNE.

Ioyfull *Driano* with his merrie men,  
 Returned now from slaughter of the Boare:  
 And shunning *Tytans* heat, for it was hote,  
 Rode home through groues, & leaue-behanged shade  
 Ah lucklesse Earle, an outward heat who shund,  
 And purchased thereby an inward flame,  
 Vpon his fiery palfrey as he rode,  
 Accompani'd with all his sportitue men.  
 He cast his eies on side, and saw by chaunce,  
 Poore *Flora* sitting with her flocke alone,  
 He saw her, and supposde no earthly impe,  
 But that she some coelestiall Nymph had bene,  
 Her feature, ah her seemly feature pearc'd  
 Him to the heart, so faire he thought she was.  
 Homeward he rode vnto *Agenors* court,  
 But thinking still vpon her shape diuine.  
 He praisde her haire, her eies, her seemly face,  
 Her visage sweet, her fingers small and long.  
 Ah quoth he, what would she be if she were  
 Bedeck'd with gems, in steed of leaue boughes,  
 How would she looke if she in costly robes,  
 VVere cloth'd, in steed of homely cuntry rags,  
 But what *Driano*, what meanst thou, saith he,  
 To talke of such a ragged cuntry drudge?  
 If she like thee, thou maist commaund her loue.  
 Command it? yea, and force her thereunto.

Come *Mylo*, come, make haste, and shun delay,  
 Doe what thy Lord *Dryano* bids thee doe,  
 Go to that sweet-fac'd wench whom late I saw,  
 Sit keeping sheepe, as we from hunting rode,  
 Goe to her: tell her that I burne in loue:  
 Say Lord *Dryano* likes thee woondrous well:  
 And bring her with thee, which if she denie,  
 (As she dares not, I hope) intreat thou her,



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

And wooe her in my name as I know well,  
Thou canst it doe, and doubtlesse she will yeeld.  
He made all hast to doe his Lords commaund,  
And found her feeding grasse-deuouring heards.

Faire maid saith he, Lord *Dryan*, whom ere while  
From hunting rode through these sheep-hanted fields,  
Inchanted with thine heart-alluring shape,  
And burning in thy loue, and sweet desire,  
Intreateth thee foorthwith to come to him,  
I say *Dryano*, that renowned Earle,  
Whose valiant heart, not *Mars* could make to yeeld,  
Now captiuated with thy comely forme,  
Confesseth him thy prisoner to bee.  
Come with me then, and yeeld to his desire,  
He'l vse thee well, thou shalt be his delight,

Out paltry peasant, out whoor-seeking knaue,  
Goe seek (quoth she) thy master queanes els where:  
But tis no maruel though he loues an whoore,  
What's bred in flesh wil neuer from the bone,  
They say his Sire *Eristo* hanged was,  
For slaundering a chaste and guiltlesse Queene,  
He had but right, if he were hanged too:  
Who so delightes in seeking after whoores.  
Go tell *Dryano* that I scorne to loue  
The King himselfe, much lesse *Eristoes* sonne.  
Tell him that I a Vestall Virgin am,  
And will my vow'd Virginitie still keepe.  
Goe cogging copesmate, tell th'adulterous Earle,  
That Violater of Virginitie.

That *Flora* more esteemes a good report,  
Than all his glorie, fame, and courtly wealth.  
Poore *Myloni*pt, went with a flea in's eare,  
And to his Lord recountred all her words,  
Told what opprobrious and reprochful tearmes,

She



## FLORA'S FORT VNE.

She had him giuen, and how she him contrould,

Oh rascal (quoth he) what newes bringst thou mee?

Couldst thou so heare thy Lord to be reuilde?

Couldst thou heare him be scorned of a drudge,

And country trull, and see it vnreueng'd?

Goe villaine, slay, kill, stab, pierce through that hart

That strumpets heart, which dares me so reuile.

Why runs thou not? But stay, let her alone,

With more than present death, I will her plague.

Go Mylo, say thou heardst her swaynish Sire,

That Soothsayer vile speake treason vnto thee,

Say that he said, *Palemon* was by right

No lawfull king, but did vsurpe the crowne.

Say that that strumper did the same affirme,

And cause them both in prison to be cast.

He warrant thee, my wordes before the king

And thine shall be ynough to make them die.

Poore Mylo runs, and causeth them foorthwith,

By th' Officers in prison to be cast:

They both exclaim'd, and knew no cause at all,

Why so great rigour should to them be showne.

They curse that ship, that shattred boord and bulke,

Which sau'd their liues from drowning in the seas.

But now the day that dismall day was come,

Wherein offenders should receiue their doomes,

The king himselfe as Iudge sate in the seat,

For since the time he euer vsde to doe,

Wherein his wife so falslie was accusde,

Next him Earle Dryan false *Erstoës* sonne.

*Cassander* who now wandred pilgrim-like,

From place to place, and had no one abode,

Heard that the king himselfe in iudgement sat,

And came to heare and see what there was done.

When *Thirsie* and poore *Flora* were brought out,



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

Accus'de by *Myle* treason to haue spoke.  
 They did denie, he stoutly did approoue,  
 And manifest the words before rehearst.  
 They surely haue (saith false *Dryano*) spoke  
 These treacherous words, or why should *Myle* lie:  
 He is my seruant, and long time hath bene,  
 I haue had prooffe of his fidelitie:  
 I neuer yet in one thing found him false,  
 And well I know no treason he will hide:  
 And blame them not, though they themselues excuse,  
 It doth concerne the losse of goods and liues.

*Palemon* forthwith mooued at his wordes,  
 A fatall doome against them both pronouc'd,  
 Condemning *Flora* to reuenging flames,  
 And *Thirsis* on a gibbet to be hang'd.  
 A gibbet was erected by and by,  
 Where malefactors should receiue their bane:  
 There faggots lay, wherewith offenders should,  
 Which had deseru'd the fire, be iustly burnt.  
*Cassander* when he saw this sweet-fac'd maid  
 To be condemn'd, waxt heauy in his mind:  
 He knew her not as yet, but yet his face,  
 His ashie face began to change the hue.  
 Now *Flora* was bound to a fatall stake,  
 And *Thirsis* mounted on a gibbet high,  
 Each of them gan their latest words to speak,  
 And first of them old *Thirsis* thus began.

O mightie powers by whose most dreadfull doom,  
 I crimelesse wretch, condemned am to die:  
 Graunt now at my last gaspe, I pray you graunt  
 That my clear ghost, which heauen & earth do know  
 Vnguiltie is of this so foule a crime,  
 With spotlesse sprites may euer liue in blisse.  
 And as for *Flora*, whom (vnguiltie wretch)



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

You haue here made copartner of my doeme,  
 Whom all men thinke to be my childe, and whome  
 I call my daughter, she me louing Sire.  
 I now make knowne, for now I will disclose,  
 My secretst thoughts, she is not mine owne child,  
 But keeping flockes within th' Arcadian boundes,  
 By *Humber* streames I found her in a boat.  
 This Ring with her I found, which yet I weare,  
 A chaine I found, which I haue left behind,  
 And purse of gold, which gold I haue disburst.  
 I brought her vp, and when she came to age,  
 A Græcian Knight stole her away from me,  
 Imissing her, made after her straitwaies,  
 And thought to fetch my sweetest child againe:  
 But mercilesse he pluck'd me into ship,  
 And caried me perforce with them away.  
 V When suddenly a stormie *Orion* rose,  
 Mangled our ship, and drowned him in deepe:  
 V Ve two by cleauing on a broken bulke,  
 V Vere brought by chance to sacred *Delian* Isle,  
 And by *Apollo* both of vs were sent  
 Vnto this land, vnluckie land of *Greece*,  
 And now accu'de vniustly, to haue spoke  
 Most treacherous words against *Palemon* king;  
 V Which heauen and earth, and all therein can tell  
 V Ve neuer thought: and they, I hope they will  
 Require our bloud at our accusers handes.  
*Cassander* when he heard old *Thirsis* tell  
 This sugred tale, did leap for ioy in minde,  
 His frostie lockes, his snow-resembling haire,  
 Gan change the cullour, and looke yellow now.  
 And to be brieft, his face with red was deck'd,  
 And look'd as yoong as euer he had done,  
 So *Venus* did him metamorphose then.

So



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

So *Cupid* did his Deitie make knowne.  
 And now he surely knewe she was his loue.  
 Scarce, ah scarce, could he then refraine himselfe.  
 From kissing her, and taking her in armes:  
 But yet perforce himselfe he did with-hold,  
 And thought to see what further thing wold chance.

*Palemon* harkened vnto *Thirsis* words,  
 And caused him from gibbet to be brought,  
 Inquiring of him at what time he found,  
 The infant in a barke on *Humber* bankes.  
 He told the time: *Palemons* heart gan leape,  
 And willed him to shew the foresaid ring.  
 He shewed it him, he strait way knew it was  
 The verie ring which he gaue to his *Queene*.  
 Then charg'd he to bring *Flora* vnto him:  
 And ouercloyd with this so sudden ioy,  
 Imbraced her fast in his aged armes:  
 And kissing her, bedew'd her with his teares,  
 O my sweet child, *Iulinaes* offspring chaste,  
 My daughter sweet (quoth he) whom raging seas  
 Tooke pittie on, and waxed mild and calme,  
 With blustering winds did greete with gentle blasts  
 And *Eolus* with pleasant lullabies:  
 Who hast at length out-worn Fates frowning force,  
 And not thought on, art found of me againe.  
 Come with thy Sire, sport in thy fathers court,  
*Palemons* court. Now let *Palemon* die,  
 Now let me post to chaste *Iulinas* ghost,  
 Sith I haue found mine offspring now, her childe.  
 Ay me (saith she) my noble king and Sire,  
 For all this ioy, how can I sportiue bee,  
 Sith by a villaine thus I am defam'd,  
*Dryano* lately as I fed my flockes,  
 Past by mee, and enamored with my shape,

Sent



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

Sent word to me, that I should to him yeeld:  
Whose messenger I with disdainfull words  
Sent backe againe to his detested Lord.  
And therefore to auenge himsele on me,  
These slaunders false against vs both deuise.  
Now then *Palemmon*, O if ere thou didst  
Loue that chaste Queene, who was my mother deare,  
If thou dost loue thy new-found daughter now,  
Vpon these traitors let me be aueng'd.

Kindled with rage he straitway caused them,  
To be arraign'd who strait the crime confest,  
Blood-thirstie offspring (quoth this angry king)  
Lust-breathing traitors, progenie vniust,  
Whose father sought to violate my Queene,  
And nilling yeeld to his vnchast desire,  
Did slander her, and falsly her accuse,  
And therefore hanged was, as he deseru'd,  
And thou (his issue) treading in his steps,  
Hast not aberr'd from his treacherous actes,  
But slandered hast her child, my daughter deare,  
In that she did thy wicked lust contemne,  
Now therefore as *Pandion* and thy Sire,  
Were iustlie martyrd for their foule offence.  
So *Mylo* and *Dryano* now shall be:  
A iust reward for all such traitors false.

Then tooke they them before sweet *Floras* face,  
And hanged them in aged *Thirsie* place.

Now saith *Palemmon*, Daughter come to me,  
And frolike with thy father in his Court,  
Thou seest the traitors are already hang'd,  
What makes thee looke so sad, ah tel it me.

Ay me saith she, what comfort can I haue  
Sith sweet *Cassander* drowned is in seas:  
He was my loue, and I his sole delight



## FLORA'S FORTVNE.

Would I were stil a Swaine, so that he liu'd.  
 He liues (quoth he) and caught her in his armes,  
 He liues (saith he) preserued from the seas:  
 O my sweet *Flora*, art thou yet aliue?  
 Tis thy *Cassander* which imbraceth thee.  
 What tongue is able to expresse that ioy  
 Which *Flora* made, when she beheld her loue?  
 What *Tullie* can with eloquence declare,  
 That ioy which he made, when he saw his loue?  
 What *Homer* with his quaint *Pernassus* verse,  
 In greekish stile, can halfe those ioyes expresse,  
 Which olde *Palemon* made, when as he saw  
*Cassander*, his found daughters sweet delight:  
 And woondrous glad that *Flora* had found out  
 So braue a Knight, sproong of so noble race,  
 With great solemnity he wedded them,  
 Deposde him selfe, and gaue the Crowne to him.  
 He made olde *Thirsis* famous in the land,  
 And much reuownd through al his *Greekish* realm,  
 Who sent for *Mepsa*, who was yet aliue.  
 She came to him, to their immortall ioy:  
 Ech one was glad, each one contented was,  
 And long time liu'd, and dy'd in endlesse blisse.

FINIS.





